

CAPTAIN FOLGER HIGHLY PLEASED.

Stark County Boy to Be Captain
of a Fine War Vessel.

TRIAL OF THE KEARSARGE.

Interesting Story From a Special Correspondent of the News-Democrat Who Witnessed the Initial Run.

A special correspondent of the News-Democrat sends a story of the trial trip of the Kearsarge, one of Uncle Sam's most powerful fighting machines. Stark county people will be especially interested in the story, as the war ship will be commanded by Captain Folger, when it is placed in commission. Captain Folger is a Massillon boy, a son of the late Robert H. Folger, who was for many years a member of the Stark county bar.

Newport News, Va., Sept. 9, 1899.

Not Aladdin Magician
Ever such a work began,
Gazed at such a wonder
As I stood its roofing under."

When Keats penned these lines his prophetic soul must have been stirred by an occult kodak of the battleship Kearsarge. Certainly they are singularly appropriate to a proper description of that new giant king of fighting machines to be soon added to our already somewhat respected navy—the great Kearsarge. The builders' trial trip which took place on Sept. 5, was a flattering success, and demonstrated that the Newport News Ship Building Co. is essentially onto its job when it comes to furnishing this home of the undoubtedly brave, and more or less free, with the proper instrument to insure discreet treatment at the hands of the star performers of the European Concert. Or any one else who has no troubles of his own and wishes to lay in a small but final stock.

Your correspondent was kindly included by Gen. Supt. Post in the list of the few guests to witness the builder's trial; and that it was a delightful and extremely interesting experience is far short of exaggeration. Promptly at 6 a. m. the men began to cast off the lines and ten minutes later the beautiful yet terrible big lighter was under way, bound for blue water. A picked crew of 200 men from the shipyard corps, some 500 guests and the naval officers, comprised the human freight, and down in the galley and the officers' ward rooms the company had located the commissary with a dozen able aids from Hygeia hotel at Old Point.

The rumpus raised in the water as we passed down into Hampton Roads served to rouse the sleeping oysters in their folding beds and some of them got into quite a stew. That incident was drowned, however, by the boisterous welcome accorded the warlike debutante by the steamers we began passing in the harbor. Three blasts of the whistle, (answered by the Kearsarge by an equal number of walls from the noisiest siren on earth), from each craft we passed, at probably half minute intervals for a half hour served to ditch all somnolent tendencies. Foreign ships dipped their colors to us, a courtesy accorded by all foreign merchantmen to warships. At Old Point, Captain Chester came out in a steam launch and was taken aboard. He is to command the new Kentucky, twin to the Kearsarge, when the former goes into commission. Captain Folger, who will command the Kearsarge, when Uncle Sam accepts her, escorted him to the bridge where they were interested assistants to Mr. Post.

Capt. Folger and Chester are probably the smallest naval commanders in the naval service anywhere. Neither of them will scale much over 140 pounds and both are blessed with an unassuming and cordial personality—rather an unusual quality for small sized men in lofty official positions.

A few miles east of Old Point the ship was hoisted to and the anchors and their gear were given a careful test. Both anchors were swung from their rests on either side of the bow into ten fathoms of water and the vessel was slowly backed until 60 fathoms of chain had been paid out. Each anchor weighs nearly seven tons and they look powerful enough to hold the bottom of the sea to any ship. One of them is a Dunn swinging blade anchor on which I noted the name of an Alliance, Ohio, maker. The other is the common "Hope" variety like we used to have pictured on our Sunday school cards.

After the anchor test the ship again got under way and was made to turn under a great variety of conditions, hither and yon, for the dual purpose of adjusting her compasses and testing her steering gear. The former service required much time and was quite an interesting work. One great benefit to me from the experiment is that I now can tell my right hand from my left without throwing at a dog. Just after we passed out at the Cape an excellent dinner was served to guests and crew, immediately following which Gen. Supt. Post began preparations for a spurt of speed under forced draught. In considering this informal trial you must observe several conditions detrimental to record making which entered into the test. First, the ship had not been in the dry dock since 1893, and Mr. Post stated he had no doubt there was a growth of sea grasses probably eight inches long over her entire bottom; she had 1,200 tons of coal on board, nearly all her supplies that she will carry in commission, and all her main battery of guns in position, and carriages for all secondary battery and rapid fire guns in position.

When the steam register announced the necessary head of steam Mr. Post gave the word to the pilots on the bridge and we were off. The tremendous displacement of the vessel created all the suction and side swell that you could expect from a compact mass of 11,000 tons moving at a high speed, but the bursts of spray from the bow that you frequently read of as "reaching the bridge," were absent. Indeed the beautiful ship never dampened her escutcheon, but the vicious lookin' ram was entirely obscured by the "bone in her teeth" that she carried so ally and yet all her 10,000 horse power in full play scarcely caused a perceptible vibration in the great vessel.

An interesting crowd surrounded the

"log" and when the half hour dash was nearly finished Captain Folger asked Mr. Post to let him take charge for a maneuver. Two men were sent to the aft wheel and two to the pilot house, and when all was ready Captain Folger, watch in hand, signalled the engine room "full speed continued." Indeed, the great ship gave a slight shiver, port and starboard, as she slipped into a 17 knot gait. To stand upon the bridge and look back over this aquatic wonder while so rapidly swinging about, the great ribbon of boiling wake showing all the shades of blue and green in her track, the brief alert glances thrown by Captain Folger and Mr. Post to their watches and the compass, and the very grandeur of action of the majestic ship herself during the maneuver, all combined to make the incident at once thrilling and delightful.

At the completion of the circle Captain Folger shouted to Captain Chester: "Two minutes and a quarter, that's better than the New Orleans."

The look of ill suppressed satisfaction on Mr. Post's face, ordinarily unreadable, revealed his sentiments. Certainly surpassing the ruder act of the New Orleans is a remarkable fact, as the New Orleans is a cruiser, of less than half the tonnage and a larger relative rudder control. Next the wise heads tackled the "log" record and after a brief calculation by several representatives of both the navy department and the company, it was announced with much unctious: "We made a speed of 17.25 knots, in spite of oysters and grass." This was verified and was the cause of much joy; for did the test of the Alabama last week fall short of this, though the Alabama did not yet have in place 2,000 tons of her armor and not a gun nor a mount for one? Thus does history repeat itself and a second time the Kearsarge defeats the Alabama, this time to the extreme satisfaction of "our southerners." Capt Folger made no effort to conceal his satisfaction and pride in his new command, and it is no idle assertion to say that if your Uncle Samuel gets mixed up in a dispute with any other nation, the Kearsarge and Captain Folger will be a potent factor in necessitating a new issue of geographical plates to the rising generation.

On the return of the Alabama from her trial a new broom graced her main trunk. On starting on our return trip the sailors climbed to the top of both main and fore trucks and lashed a new broom to each. The signal was understood by each craft we passed and continued all the way home, until, just at 6 o'clock, we were safely berthed at the shipyard, No. 1 dock.

The Newport News Ship Building and Dry Dock Co., began business in 1891. Their initial year saw four completed steamers delivered to the Morgan line for Brazilian trade. In 1893 they took these same four ships in hand again and transformed them into the famous quartette of United States cruisers, the Yankee, Dixie, Yosemite and Buffalo. They are now making the Morgan line three ships to replace the above named boats, the fourth one having been completed last month and now in the service of the line. Other famous ships turned out by this company are gunboats Wilmington, Helena and Nashville. On the stocks today are two of the Morgan liners and two doubly large for the Pacific Mail S. S. Co. On the stocks are drawings for the battleship Ohio and the monitor Missouri and the present capacity of the plant is now contracted for until after 1904.

To meet rapidly increasing demands the company is now building the largest dry dock in the world. It will have a working area of 840 feet by 90 feet and can accommodate a ship with a draft of 30 feet. It will be ready for ships inside of four months. Its immensity can probably be better conceived when it is stated that two such much wonders as the Kearsarge can be docked in it at one time. During the nine years which the yard has been in existence there has not been a serious casualty and the company has the phenomenal record of never having a ship of any size fall short of the specifications in any detail. The officers of the company comprise a notable list: President, C. B. Ourett; general superintendent, W. A. Post; superintendent of machinery, James Rowbottom; superintendent of hull construction, M. C. B. Doughty; chief engineer, Ernest Bowman.

Mr. Post is a quick, gentle spoken man, is said to never get rattled, and is one of the kind that gathers a hundred details in a single glance. The Kearsarge is a striking example of his ability as a master of detail. The next in relative importance comes Mr. Doughty, superintendent of hull construction. He also has charge of the launchings and gained the proud distinction for this shipyard of successfully launching two first-class battleships in one day, viz. the Kearsarge and Kearsarge, March 24, 1898. The area of the yard is about 100 acres and at present rate of development it will soon require additional space. The shortage of iron has as yet had no effect on the work of the plant. Over 100 men are constantly employed and no labor trouble of any movement have ever disturbed the even tenor of the industry.

The Kearsarge (and the Kentucky is an exact counterpart), is 330 feet long, and 70 feet beam. Her draught today is about 7 inches short of the draught and was 22 feet, 8 inches aft—21 feet 2 inches by the head. Her coal capacity is over 50 cars and she has a steaming radius of at least 3,400 miles. The temperature of the engine rooms ranged about 82. In the fire room, under forced draft, it reached 130, but the air was good and freely supplied by powerful blowers. Under normal draught the thermometer showed 112. Naval Lieut. Woodward and two assistants took a record of the temperature in magazines, coal bunkers and compartments on all four decks, and he expressed much satisfaction with the records secured, although to a landsman it would seem difficult to contract chills anywhere down below. The propelling power is furnished by two sets of triple-expansion engines aggregating 10,000 horse power. During the speed trial they revolved the twin screws 106 times per minute under a steam pressure of 170 pounds. The engines were built by the company and are probably the most complete ever erected. I started to count the other engines and dynamos but they number warned me to desist or probably destroy the fragile reputation for veracity I now enjoy. The ship carries two handsome steam launches and six large yaws, has a forward toilet room for the crew with toilet facilities for a small army including bath rooms and four shower baths with hot or cold, fresh salt water. The officers' toilet rooms are furnished as handsome as any first-class hotel with electric bells and all other up-to-date adjuncts.

The guns on board today were in the two superposed turrets devised by Admiral Sampson. The lower, and larger part of each turret contains two 10 inch rifles about 40 feet long; the "upper story" of each supports two 8 inch rifles. The larger guns weigh 62 tons, the smaller ones about 35 tons. The secondary battery is composed of 14

5 inch guns, and when stripped for action the very appearance of the Kearsarge will be an acute hint to other nations to "keep off the grass." The ship in action can be equally as well navigated from the bridge, the pilot house, the conning tower, or aft on the deck. The fire of any and all batteries can be electrically controlled from any of these points. The conning tower is a unique place, about 8 feet interior diameter, with narrow slits for taking sky views of the enemy when the outer air is bad. It is built of 8 inch nickel steel, circular in form and probably a comparatively safe point in action. Among the guests on board were, from the navy, Captains Chester and Folger, Lieut. Commander Gault, and Assistant Naval Constructor Woodward; Mr. Kirby, of the Associated Press, Dr. Sam Hobson, assistant quarantine officer, U. S.; the representatives of a local dailies and your correspondent. A notable fact was the unanimous concurrence of the newspaper men in the views of the naval experts that the Kearsarge was the acme of naval construction and that the courtesy of Gen. Supt. Post to the pencil pushers was the "real thing."

H. W. SMITH.

McLEAN AND REFORM.

Why the Democratic Candidate and Platform Deserve Support.

(Henry T. Niles in Toledo Bee.)

I am for reform—not a jingle of words to catch voters, but a reform that will relieve the laborers and producers of the country and enable any man able and willing to work to live in comfort and decency among his associates, as he could 20 years ago. I am for the Democratic party because it is the only instrumentality by which radical reform can be achieved in any reasonable time with any reasonable certainty.

To me, after these many years of effort, it is a source of profound satisfaction to see the largest Democratic convention ever held in Ohio with unanimity and great enthusiasm, adopt the most thorough reform platform ever adopted by a convention, state or national, of any party.

When three months ago I presented to the Jackson League my ideal of what ought to be the state platform I had no expectation or even hope that it would be adopted by the state convention with the same unity and enthusiasm which characterized the Jackson League.

I was opposed to McLean, not from any personal objection. As Mayor Jones says, he is doubtless a man of great liberality to the poor and kind and just in all his relations with labor.

Trains of coal delivered to the shivering citizens of Cincinnati, when in the grasp of a coal ring, at cost, or free to those not able to pay, and hundreds of tons of ice given to the poor and other such acts of large benevolence should not and will not be passed by as the acts of a far-sighted demagogue, as some are disposed to treat the disposition of shoes by Mayor Jones to women and children who had none decent and fit to wear, and other like acts.

I opposed Mr. McLean because I feared he would not stand by the great reforms the country must speedily have or revolution, and by our matchless leader, Mr. Bryan.

The two men who from their great ability and disposition were capable of giving the Democracy trouble in 1900 were Richard Croker and John R. McLean. They are now both harnessed as wheel horses to the great cause of Bryan and reform and must pull true.

It is idle to suggest or suppose that Mr. McLean did not know of and approve the magnificent platform of the Zaner-ville convention.

If he believes in such a platform who wants or where can we find a better or stronger champion of reform, Bryan always excepted.

In November a vote for the Democratic ticket is a vote for Bryan and reform. A vote for Jones is a shot in the air.

The Zaner-ville platform is, from every point of view a better reform platform than that from which Mayor Jones asks reformers to scatter their fire. The central idea with Jones is the Initiative and referendum. That is conspicuous in the Zaner-ville platform. Jones preaches and sings divide up the day. An eight hour day is part of the Zaner-ville platform. Jones appeals to labor. Labor's demands as formulated by themselves, are part of the Zaner-ville platform. Nothing in the Jones platform about the cruel, un-American schemes of conquest and colonial expansion. Is that because, as he recently said to me, he "can find no words to express his abhorrence of the whole thing?"

Nothing about what he calls the "selfish and un-Christian doctrine of protection." Is this because the Dingley tariff is the bulwark of the trusts, which are robbing the people, of which he is disposed to speak kindly, because, while he says the government has no power to regulate them he expects it will take possession of them some day and somewhere in the dreamland to which he is seeking a passage with the zeal of an explorer? The election of the Democratic ticket in November means the election of Bryan and the final triumph of reform in 1900.

Reformers, you now have such a chance as never before to deal a death blow to the abuses which are crushing common people in the dust and to the scheme to change this great republic into a mongrel system, half republic, half colonial empire, with its oriental fringe of polygamy and slavery soon, if they succeed, like Greece, Carthage and Rome, which tried the same experiment, to fall in ruin, blood and tears.

Will you join in the one great irresistible army and march shoulder to shoulder to final victory, or will you divide and fire on your friends or waste your ammunition in the air?

McKINLEY VS. McKINLEY.

McKinley at Pittsburg, Aug. 25: "Until the Spanish peace treaty was finally ratified in April we had no legal authority outside of Manila and Cavite, in the Philippines."

McKinley, December 21, 1898, in his proclamation, through Gen. Otis to the Philippines: "By virtue of the Paris treaty the United States have assumed the sovereignty of the whole Philippine group, and will at once proceed to occupy them. Any resistance to such occupation will be sternly repressed."

Will some imperialist attempt to reconcile these two declarations?

AMERICAN HUMILIATION

In the Philippines as a Result of President McKinley's War.

(New York Evening Post.)

If British warships were threatening to bombard New Orleans unless the inhabitants behaved themselves, what should we think? We would probably be too furious to think at all, but if, in addition, we had to admit that we could not protect British subjects in New Orleans, we should undoubtedly feel disgraced. Well, this humiliation is now hanging upon us in another part of our territory. Mr. McKinley affirms that the Philippines are just as much a part of our territory as Louisiana; so that it is on our own coasts, under our own jurisdiction, that we are suffering the shame, which this morning's news report of having English men-of-war threatening to bombard Philippine towns. It is added that the natives have "a wholesome respect for the British." What they have for the nominal sovereignty of the islands, who cannot keep order or protect foreigners in them, is not stated, but it must be very like both hatred and contempt.

This is only one of the national humiliations which the president has brought upon his country by the Philippine mismanagement. We have nothing now of any question of principle. Let the expediency of morality of the acquisition of the Philippines be what it may. Taking the purely jingo standpoint, reasoning as do the champions of brute force that our national prestige means only the rough enforcement of the national will, right or wrong, what a series of disgraces has Mr. McKinley brought upon the American name by his shocking blunders in the Philippines. We hear much of Dewey's guns having roused the world to a new sense of American greatness. Grant it; but almost everything that has been done since the echoes of those guns died away has tended to set the world aghast at American incompetence and failure.

We have only to compare McKinley's vain-glorious promises and proclamations with the actual facts to see what a frightful mess he has made of it. He was going to assert and enforce American sovereignty "in every part" of the archipelago; he is shut up, in a state of siege, in a few coast towns. He was going to prevent "anarchy"; he has precipitated it. He solemnly bound this government to secure the release of the Spanish prisoners in the hands of the insurgents; he has not been able to release a man. A few prisoners have escaped to our lines, but the Filipinos, in this respect, as in most others, has successfully defied our power to do what we undertook to do. This is a fine way of making the American name feared abroad. What Mr. McKinley has really done is to make us, by his ignorant blundering in the Philippines, the butt of the nation.

The crowning humiliation of all is the president's agreement with the Sultan of the Sulu Islands. To hire a Mohammedan despot to keep the islands in order for us is disgrace enough; but to assure him, in the fact, that we will not interfere with polygamy in the dominions, and that the American flag will once more float over slaves without freeing them, is enough to make the cheeks of all of us tingle. Mind, we do not now speak of the moral shame of it. For the moment we are too busy to feel and talk as a jingo does, and it seems to us that he must simply swell with rage and burst with indignation at such a confession of national impotence.

What is it that amounts to. Does any one suppose that if McKinley had force enough at his command that he would have gone on his knees to the Sultan? He could have made out a much better case for fighting him than for hiring Aguinaldo. Imagine the heroics he would have indulged in about putting down slavery, and how he would have posed as the advocate of setting up "the American home" in Towl Towl immediately. Why did he not do it? Simply because he had not the necessary men and ships to enforce it. The agreement with the Sultan is an unexampled confession of national impotence. Governor Roosevelt should renounce such craven weakness from every stump in Cattaraugus county.

We see it put forward by one of the few defenders of the president who dares to refer to the Sulu treaty at all that his recognition of slavery and polygamy is only "temporary." It was necessary as a provisional and pacifying measure, but presently the good McKinley will proceed to interfere with and extirpate both. In other words, the president is lying to the Sultan. Promising not to meddle, he means to meddle as soon as he feels himself strong enough. It is well enough to publish this position in Boston; but suppose General Bates were to lay this view of the case before the Sultan? He would undoubtedly hear some of the most vigorous Arabic that ever came from the mouth of an enraged viceroy of the prophet. "Dog of an infidel," the Sultan would say, "does that traitor tell me of all liars, your president, think he can trick a true believer in that way?" And down would come the American flag, giving the world one proof more that the president of the United States had taken his country into an adventure which led only to humiliation after humiliation.

HE PUFFS PATRICK.

The newspapers owned by Boss McLean refers to Hon. A. W. Patrick as "this plain old country lawyer," "our plain old orator," the "lovable old man," "the grand old man," "the good old man," and the "noble, generous, great hearted, grand, old man."

The Boss is evidently afraid that Mr. Patrick will get off the Democratic ticket. Mr. Patrick has given stability and respectability to the Democratic ticket and Boss McLean does not want him to decline to run. Therefore, in Boss McLean's newspaper, all kinds of things intended to be cheerful and complimentary are being said of the "plain old country lawyer," "our plain old orator," "the lovable old man of Tuscarawas."—Cleveland Leader.

No, Mr. McLean is not afraid "that Mr. Patrick will get off the Democratic ticket," for Mr. Patrick is not going to do any such thing.

The Leader seems to recognize the strength of Abe Patrick and no doubt would be greatly pleased if the Hanna organs could induce him not to run. Before the week is out the Leader may have occasion to change its tone. Abe Patrick will disappoint the Leader. Now see if he don't.

"It is bad statesmanship," says Dr. David Starr Jordan, president of Stanford university, "to make these alien people of the Philippines our partners; it is a crime to make them our slaves."

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
Beware the Signature of
J. C. Patterson

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that has every advantage of efficiency, convenience and economy over all other feeders is the Nichols-Shepard Self-feeder. It feeds either bound or loose grain evenly and steadily, without waste or litter, and completely regulates itself to the speed of the separator. The feeding apron stops and starts automatically and the feeder can be stopped while the separator is in full motion. It is held rigidly in place when attached to the separator frame and its adjustable supports keep it always perfectly level. This Self-feeder is designed for the

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LEGAL NOTICE.

In pursuance of the order of the Probate court of Stark County, Ohio, I will offer for sale at public auction, on Saturday, the 30th day of September, 1899, at 1 o'clock p. m. upon the premises following described real estate, situate in the city of Canton, county of Stark and State of Ohio to-wit:

Part of lot No. 6,348 in said city of Canton, being 37 7-10 feet front and rear off the east side of said lot, No. 6,348. Appraised at \$300.00.

Lot No. 6,311, in said city of Canton, appraised at \$600.00. Said lot is subdivided into the following tracts:

Tract One—Beginning at the north east corner of lot 6,311; thence south 30 degrees 10 minutes, west with the west line of Warner avenue, 82 feet; thence north 64 degrees 50 minutes west 50 feet; thence north 30 degrees 10 minutes east 82 feet; thence south 64 degrees 50 minutes east 50 feet. Appraised at \$250.00.

Tract Two—Beginning at a point on the northeast corner of lot 6,311; thence north 64 degrees, 50 minutes west 50 feet; thence south 30 degrees 10 minutes west 82 feet; thence south 64 degrees 50 minutes east 50 feet; thence north 30 degrees 10 minutes east 82 feet. Appraised at \$200.00.

Tract Three—Beginning at a point north 64 degrees 50 minutes west 100 feet, from the north east corner of lot 6,311; thence north 64 degrees 50 minutes west 135 6-10 feet; thence south 88 degrees 28 minutes west 44 1-10 feet; thence south 3 degrees 55 minutes west 87 5-10 feet; thence south 64 degrees 50 minutes east 139 6-10 feet; thence north 30 degrees 10 minutes east 82 feet. Appraised at \$75.00.

Tract Four—Beginning at the south east corner of lot 6,311; thence north 30 degrees 10 minutes east 36 3-10 feet; thence north 64 degrees 50 minutes west 231 feet; thence south 3 degrees 50 minutes west 35 feet; thence south 63 degrees 35 minutes east 212 4-10 feet. Appraised at \$200.00.

And the following subdivisions of Part of Out-Lot No. 277 in said city of Canton.

Tract Six—Beginning in the west line of Hartford street; south 21 degrees 50 minutes west 30 feet from south east corner of lot No. 6,352; thence south 21 degrees 50 minutes west 80 feet; thence north 68 degrees 10 minutes west 150 feet; thence north 21 degrees 50 minutes east 150 feet; thence south 68 degrees 10 minutes east 150 feet. Appraised at \$240.00.

Tract Seven—Beginning in west line of Hartford street; south 21 degrees 50 minutes west 110 feet from south east corner of lot 6,352; thence south 21 degrees 50 minutes west 50 feet; thence north 68 degrees 10 minutes west 150 feet; thence north 21 degrees 50 minutes east 50 feet; thence south 68 degrees 10 minutes east 150 feet. Appraised at \$150.00.

Tract Eight—Beginning in west line of Hartford street; south 21 degrees 50 minutes west 160 feet from south east corner of lot 6,352; thence south 21 degrees 50 minutes west 50 feet; thence north 68 degrees 10 minutes west 150 feet; thence north 21 degrees 50 minutes east 50 feet; thence south 68 degrees 10 minutes east 150 feet. Appraised at \$150.00.

Tract Nine—Beginning in west line of Hartford street; south 21 degrees 50 minutes west 260 feet from south east corner of lot 6,352; thence south 21 degrees 50 minutes west 50 feet; thence north 68 degrees 10 minutes west 150 feet; thence north 21 degrees 50 minutes east 50 feet; thence south 68 degrees 10 minutes east 150 feet. Appraised at \$150.00.

Said premises above described will be offered and sold in such tracts or lots as may appear for the best interests

of the estate. Appurtenant to the premises above described are certain street and alley privileges for which, together with a more complete description of said premises, reference is hereby made to the petition filed in this probate in the Probate court of said county.

Terms of sale: One third cash on day of sale; one third in one year and the remaining third in two years, with interest at six per cent per annum, payable annually, secured by mortgage on the premises.

H. W. HOSSLER,
Assignee of Henry R. Rowland.
Day, Lynch & Day, Attys.
Published in the Stark County Democrat for four weeks, September 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, 1899.

For Sale.

Three excellent farms. One consisting of 80 acres, 1 1/2 miles northeast of Paris, good buildings and outbuildings, good water, and underlaid with a four-foot vein of coal. Another of 88 acres, situated 1/2 mile east of first farm, good buildings, well watered and all tillable land. And another of 70 acres, joining last mentioned farm on the east, also with good buildings and splendid water. The buildings on each of the farms are located on good public highways. For further particulars inquire of

Agent for the heirs of Philip Walker, deceased.
Address Paris, Ohio. -5-26 hm fsw

Notice of Appointment.

The undersigned has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Mary Bomm, late of Stark County, Ohio, deceased.
Dated the 24th day of July, 1899.
WILLIAM D. KELLY,
Administrator

NOTICE—We draw deeds and mortgages, and make Abstracts of Title to Real Estate. We own the only complete set of Abstract Books in Stark County. Tramp & Oberly, Abstracters, Eagle Block, Canton, Ohio.

FOR SALE—A farm of 30 acres, 8 miles from Canton, on the Waynesburg road; good 8 room house, plenty of good water, choice fruit of all kinds, good barn and all other buildings. Inquire 905 Douglas street, Canton, O. s8ht

Receiver's Sale.

On Monday and Thursday of each week for four weeks, beginning September 11th, there will be a sale of Stoneware at the Mishler Pottery, one mile east of Waynesburg. This will be a good opportunity to secure meat tubs, crocks for apple butter, stew pans, &c., cheap. Do not forget the day. s8wd A. D. BRADEN, Receiver.

Real Estate at Private Sale.

EIGHTY-ACRE FARM.

The Farm known as the

GEORGE BETZ FARM,

Three miles east of the court house, on the state road, in Canton township, is offered at private sale. Possession given at any time.

For particulars inquire of Josiah Fink, administrator, Osnaburg, O. or on the farm.

Josiah Fink.